

100 HOTTIE BLOPS



1913

WHITE CAPS



1911

"WHITE CAPS"

YEARBOOK OF


CLASS OF 1942

Vassar Brothers Hospital

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



JUNE 1942

A faint, circular stamp or drawing is visible in the bottom right corner of the page. It appears to be a circular seal with some internal markings, though the details are too light to discern clearly.



TO
SARA L. SWEET

Whom we all admire and love; and whose kindness and patience will forever be remembered by us. With most sincere appreciation we, the class of 1942, dedicate our year book.

White Cap Board

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Marjorie F. Fields

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FACULTY ADVISOR

Sara L. Sweet

CLASS OFFICERS

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Vice-President Elsie Churchill
Secretary Jean E. Frey
Treasurer Irene Syretchen

CLASS MOTTO

Some gentle word to say,
Some kindly deed to do.

CLASS ADVISOR

Sara L. Sweet

CLASS COLORS

Red and Silver

CLASS FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

CLASS SONG

TUNE "As The Caissons Go Rolling Along"

Shoulders back, heads up high
With a purpose in our eye
As our nurses go marching along.
Willing heart, helping hand
This has always been our stand
As our nurses go marching along.
Through all these years
We've silenced others tears
We're parting from V. B. H.'s halls
We are ready all, to answer life's call
As our nurses go marching along.

CLASS SONG

TUNE "Miss You"

Miss you
Now that we are parting.
Bless you,
Our new life we're starting.
Daytime, nighttime
All the year through
We'll ne'er forget,
All you have brought us.
Miss you, Vassar how we'll miss you.
Memories of our years together.
Believe us, we will ever cherish
Our thoughts of you.
Hold you, in our thoughts forever,
Dreaming, no place e'er was better.
Heartaches, gay times, we're now prepared, to
face lifes trials
With things you've taught us.
Help us, make our dreams come true.
May we always count on you.
Promise, you will always stand by
'Cause we need you.

D. M. C.



The Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

To Miss Mc Crimmon

in honor of her thirtieth anniversary of association
with Vassar Brothers Hospital.



TO YOU

Especially to you,
Whose guiding hand has led us
Surely and safely through these tedious years. - -
Whose sweet and understanding smile
Helped us to banish all our fears.

To you who have served with calm and steady hand;
Who is always willing to fulfill each rash demand,
For thirty years you have shed your guiding light along
the way
So that someone young and inexperienced would not
go astray.

Especially to you;
We dedicate this with humble gratitude,
And hope that someday you may look with pride
Upon the girls of the class of '42.

I. E. B.



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON

*Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital*

RACHEL E. COLE

*Assistant Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital*



SARA L. SWEET

*Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital*

EDITH L. LINDBERG

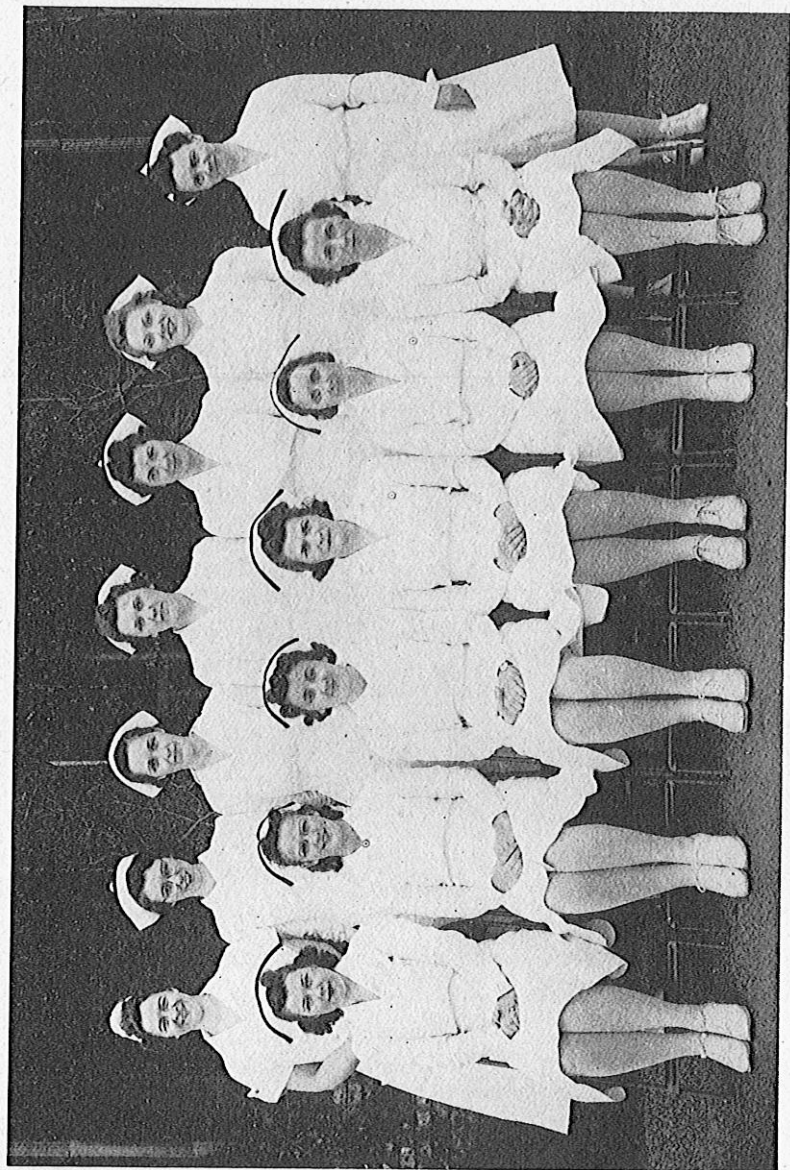
*Practical Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers Hospital*



LURLINE E. OLSEN

*Assistant Instructor
Graduate of Duke University
School of Nursing*

SUPERVISORS



TOP ROW: JEAN DUNWOODY, DORIS DAVIS MORRIS, KATHERINE TREMPER, VAN DYNE, DOROTHY KERLEY, KIMLIN, KATHERINE TRIPP, MILDRED ONDERDONK, JEAN DAVIDSON
 FRONT ROW: PRISCILLA FULLUM, BERTHA CLAIRE, JUDITH SANDLEBEN, LOUISE BECK, MARION KNAPP, ELIZABETH FERGUSON

· ASSISTANT SUPERVISORS



Back Row—

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FRANCES HRITZ
HAZEL PARMELE GILBERT
MARJORIE LASHER
JEAN VAN De BOGART

Front Row—

ADELAIDE CARROLL
BETTY NICKSE
LILLIAN THOMSON
ELSIE CHURCHILL



DIETITIANS

AGNES TESKE
GRACE THOMPSON
RUTH GOHR WINTERS

Class of 1942



MARJORIE F. FIELDS

President

Windsor, Vermont

*I don't pretend that life's all good,
That nature's always sweet and kind.
I love the world the way it is - -
The truest love is never blind.*

ELSIE M. CHURCHILL

Vice-President

New Hamburg, New York

*I'm honest as the day is long,
But only through discretion:
I can not tell a lie -- I lack
Control of my expression.*



JEAN E. FREY

Secretary

Poughkeepsie, New York

*Cheerily my way I go,
To sorrow I'm inured.
I had it once and now I know
Tomorrow it is cured.*



IRENE L. SYRETCHEN

Treasurer

Poughkeepsie, New York

*I swear that I'll relax to-day -
My nerves are simply overtaxed
Right now I'm all worked up and tense
I'm trying so to be relaxed.*

ROBERTA L. AGER

Beacon, New York

*I'd like to hug the human race
So much I feel that I adore it.
But if I tried this on the street
I spose I'd get arrested for it.*



RUTH A. BATES

Spring Valley, New York

*The water flows now high, now low
While forging onward with a will
Thus life should have now joy, now woe
For only stagnant pools are still.*



KATHRYN H. BIGGART

Fishkill, N. Y.

*I found a way to cure to-day
That foolish mood of hurry.
I simply stopped the clock and then
I didn't have to worry.*

DORTHEA E. BOESCH

Poughkeepsie, New York

*I wish I had a ticket for Siam.
I'm getting pretty bored with where I
am.
But when I'm in Siam, why all I'll do
Is wish I had a ticket for Peru.*



DOROTHY E. BORMAN

Cliffside Park, New Jersey

*The butterfly just floats through life
As careless as a bubble.
I walk a stern and moral path.
A Soul is lots of trouble.*





IRMA E. BRUNS

Croton-On-The-Hudson, New York

*When everything goes "dead-wrong"
And fate presses down on my load
Am I noble and brave
No, I break things and rave
It's such a relief to explode.*

DOROTHY M. CHURTON

Bangall, New York

*Look on things with friendly eyes
Cast out bitter hates
Just love life with all your heart
Life reciprocates.*



ELISE A. COONS

Red Hook, New York

*To get adjusted to the world
Is after all the wisest aim
It won't adjust itself to us
For it was here before we came.*





DORIS M. DISBROW

New Hackensack, N. Y.

*I searched the world for happiness,
But sorrows met me everywhere.
They drove me back to my own heart,
And happiness was waiting there.*

DOROTHY E. GRAHAM

Beacon, New York

*I like to feel repentant when
I haven't done the things I should
It makes me feel more virtuous
Than if I'd kept on being good.*



BESSIE M. GOLDEN

Hyde Park, New York

*You cannot eat your cake and have it
So the cautious wise ones wail
But I shall eat mine willy-willy
Otherwise it might get stale.*



ANNE W. HALLENBECK

Catskill, New York

*I feel so thrillingly alive
And filled with vim and glee.
It's strange to think that years ago.
There wasn't any me.*

ROWENA G. HILL

Poughkeepsie, New York

*Each tries to get his share of fame
In spite of modest disavowals
Some carve their names in history,
And some embroider them on towels.*



HILMA D. JOHNSON

Middletown, New York

*I love the little joys in life - -
The smell of rain the sound of brooks,
The taste of crispy toast and jam,
The sight of rows and rows of books.*



MARY W. H. MOFFAT

Poughkeepsie, New York

*Though life is most uncertain
I'm sure of this one thing - -
That when I'm in the bath tub
The telephone will ring.*

CONSTANCE W. OESTRIKE

Poughkeepsie, New York

*Common sense is good to have
But never let it master you - -
For then it might deprive you of
The foolish things it's fun to do.*



SOPHIE M. RICCIO

Amsterdam, New York

*The human roll varies in marvelous ways-
We are clever and foolish and deep
In only one thing we're alike it would
seem-
We never have had enough sleep.*





ANNA M. ROOT

Walden, New York

*I feel so smug when I've been good
I soon become unbearable
I'm really pleasanter to know
When I have just been terrible.*

BERNICE M. SIMMS

Staatsburg, New York

*When pompous people squelch me
With their regal attributes
It cheers me to imagine
How they'd look in bathing suits.*

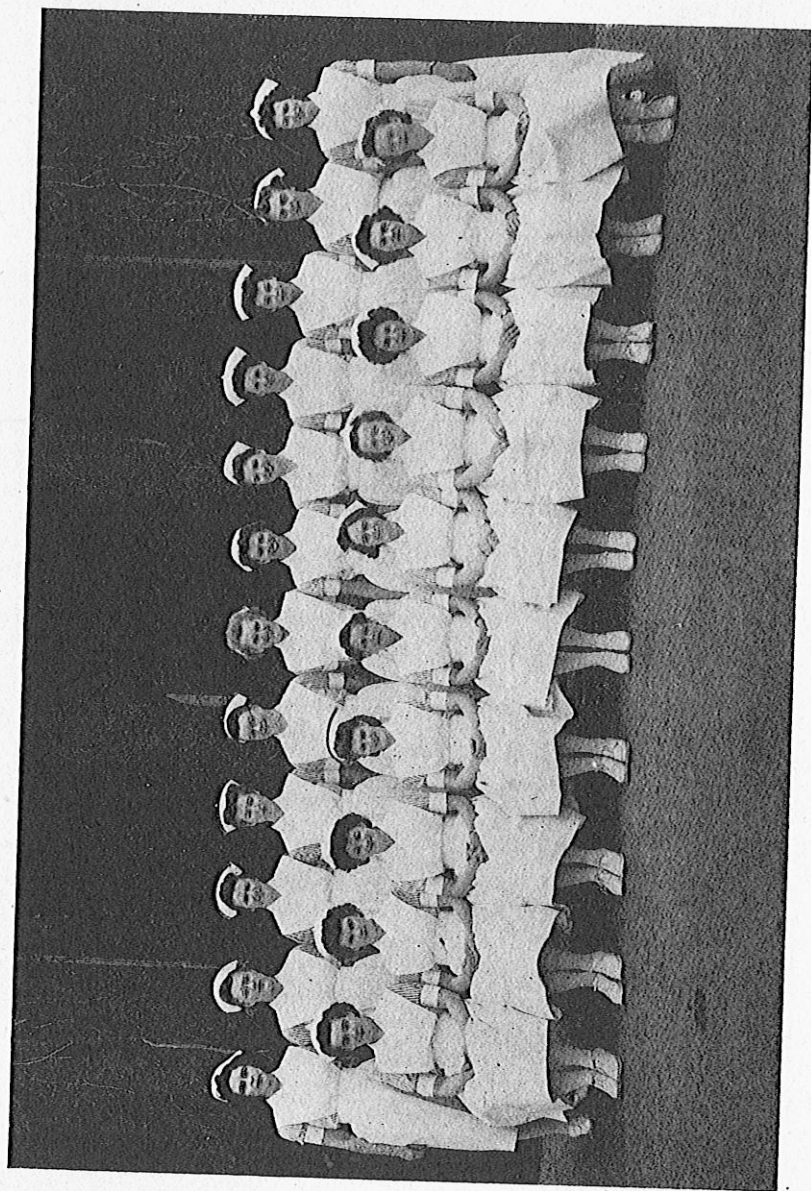


JEAN VAN De BOGART

Red Hook, New York

*I have a little flivver
That goes up and down with me,
And how we stay together so
Is more than I can see.*





CLASS OF '43

Up and down the corridors or in the wards, in the operating room or in the diet kitchen, the V. B. H. student nurse is seen industriously at her work. She presents this picture:—

The dark, glossy hair of Miss Dunlavey, matching Miss Hyatt's sparkling brown eyes. Her nose has the pertness of Miss Yankowski's and her chin the dignity of Miss Putnam's. To this is added Miss Covey's complexion, Miss Hayde's sweet smile and Miss Knapp's lovely teeth.

For personal qualities, we'd like to give her the sincere sweetness of Miss Williams, Miss Pierson's ability to get along with people and the tactfulness of Miss Shaker. In class work she should have the studiousness of Miss Smith, the intelligence of Miss Emerson, the clear mind of Miss Hirst and the philosophy of Miss Stewart.

With the neatness of Miss Barnes, the reserve of Miss Bell, the humor of Miss St. Leger and with Miss Newman's quiet ways, the T. S. O. would have a prize.

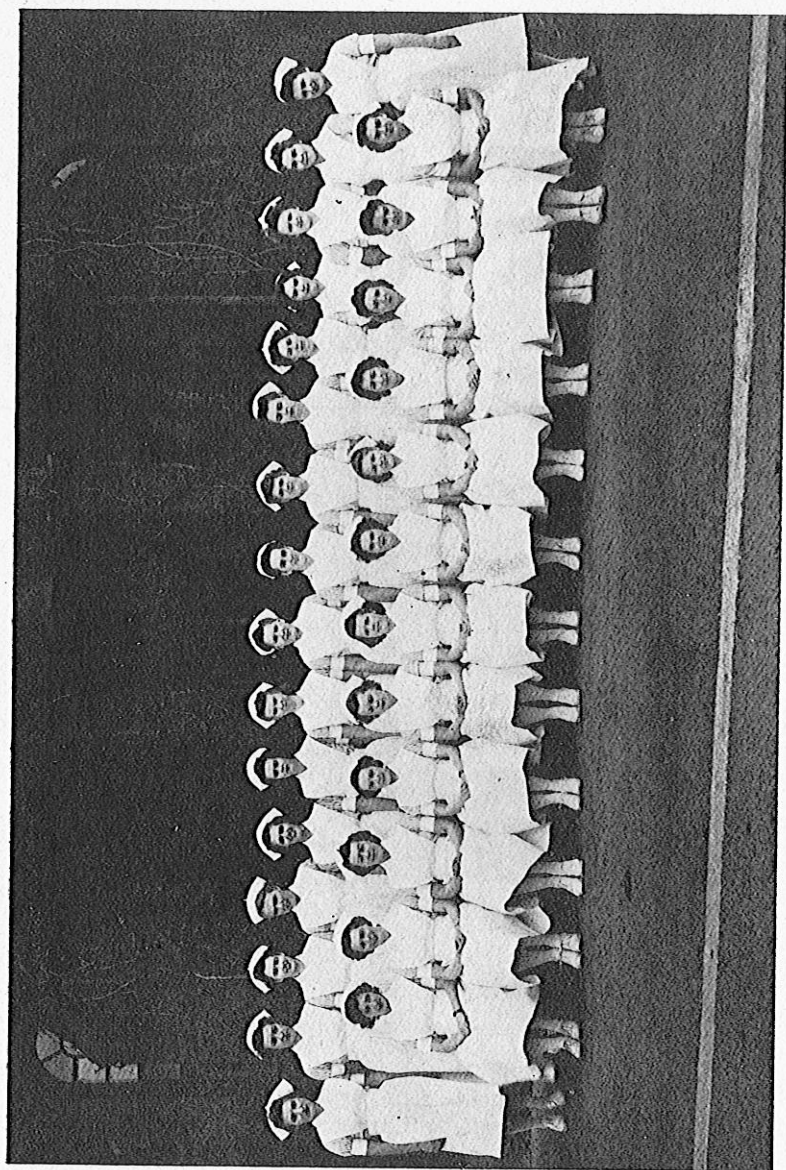
In off-hour duty the nurse would forget her work and studies as lightly and gaily as Miss Susman and Miss Tammany, and she would dance and sing with the lightness of heart of Miss Hubner and Miss Mason.

The last, but by no means the least important points about her, are Miss Robertson's love of food, Miss Van Pelt's wit, Miss Puckey's even temper, and still further we would give her Miss Robinson's love of sports, Miss Steele's ability to wear clothes, Miss Coons' dry humor, Miss Anderson's carefree air and Miss Hicks's popularity.

Here we have tried to present a picture of an ideal nurse by combining the best qualities of the whole class of 1943.

How do you like her?

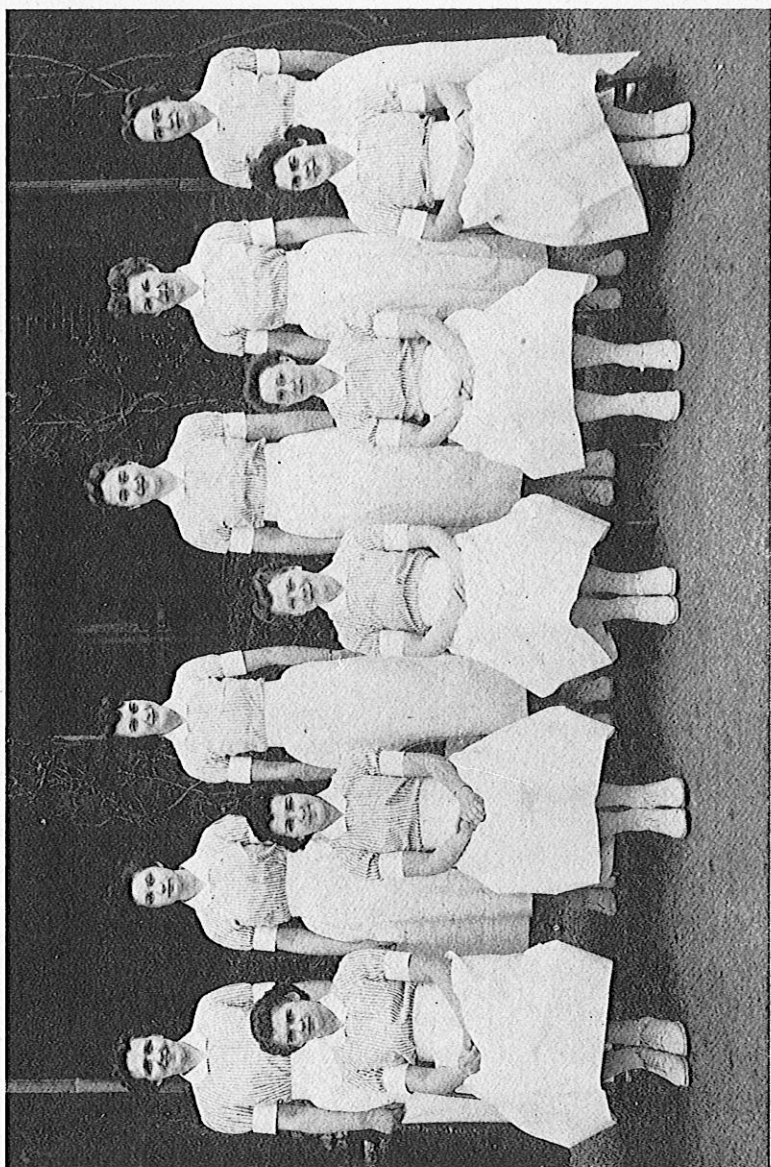
E. S. - M. S. - L. H.



CLASS OF '44

When we entered dear old Vassar
With halos round our heads,
We came to smooth the fevered brows
And make the crumpled beds,
To carry joy to all the wards
And share the cares of man,
To be a friend to rich and poor
As only nurses can.
Our caps would be all stiff and white -
We'd wait on doctors stern;
And have a nice flirtation
With a handsome young interne.
We'd administer the hypos
And give out medications,
We'd have six late leaves every week
And two months for vacation.
The Class of '44 soon found,
And much to their dismay,
That work was really there to do
And all was not so gay.
Going forth in blue smocks long,
And hair nets, drab and tight
We studied and cleaned - -
And studied more
'Til 10:15 at night.
The internes, young and handsome,
The doctors, tall and stern
Had only looks for serious girls
And showed us no concern.
But with all these joys and hopes
Our grief and sorrows too.
We are planning for the future,
When our dreams will all come true.
There will always be dear Vassar
To guide us on our way.
And the brilliant star success,
We will follow every day.

H. O'L.
E. B.
D. F.



CLASS OF '45

We are the class of '45
And for our caps we do strive.
It was in February that we came,
And our blue smocks put us to shame.
Our introduction to this life
Has been pleasant without strife.
We are happy here, there is no doubt,
And Vassar memories will never fade out.
Now we are studying and soon will complete
The period that all pre-clinicals must meet.
Scrubbing, dusting, and other things galore,
'Til we are ready to drop to the floor.
All of these things, but without regret,
For isn't it just what we planned to beget?
We have only one hope, someday to be
A true nurse to answer everyone's plea.

H. Y. - E. C. - N. C.

In Memoriam

Herman A. Schatz

Trustee of Vassar Brothers Hospital for 16 years; President for 8 years.

A man of sterling character, cooperative, generous, wise
in his counsel and devoted to our hospital.

Class Prophecy



August 17, 1962. - - - Today the class of 1942 celebrated its twentieth class reunion at Tower Home. (Speaking of Tower Home, the new wing has just been completed and will be ready for the girls in September. It provides rooms for 200 nurses.)

Irene Syretchen arrived at one-thirty P. M., half an hour before the scheduled time wondering if anybody else was going to show up. Irene is a specialist in cures for skin allergies. She is still working on the fresh pineapple reaction. Irene was soon put at ease because before very long Rowena Hill and Mary Moffat arrived. Row lives in New York City, but still hopes to some day fulfill her long desired ambition to raise pigs. She is spending the weekend in Poughkeepsie with Moff. Moff has a son who is delivery boy for "Mack and Frey" and her daughter plans to enter training here at Vassar this fall with Row's daughter.

Bobby Ager is supervisor of a maternity hospital specializing in multiple births, their census of twins being the highest in the country. The hospital was recently disgraced by having a single birth.

Bern Simms is a glamorous Coast Guard Hostess. She has been a great inspiration to millions of boys suffering from acute nostalgia.

Jeannie Frey was finally persuaded to leave her nursing home for malnourished and henpecked husbands just long enough to attend our reunion. Jeannie always did have a way with the patients on Ward II.

Dot Borman is now a leading song hit writer. Her song "Reward of Faithfulness" ranks first on this weeks hit parade.

Ann Root has recently retired from her stage career as one of the sensational "Radio City Rockettes".

Dot Churton is now happily married to one of her rich, although slightly eccentric, patients whom she attended at the "Hartford Retreat", where Marge Fields is now Superintendent of Nurses. After twenty years of single life Marge admits that marriage probably is the greatest of all careers.

Probably the thing of most interest was the exhibit Hilma Johnson brought along to show us. In June, she completed her third trip around the globe via bicycle. She had everything from a kangaroo's skeleton to an Eskimo dog's claw.

Connie Oestrike started out on the first world tour with Johnny, but met an old Youth Hostel acquaintance whom she married shortly afterwards. Her entire family took a cross-country bicycle trip last summer.

Dot Boesch had not expected to be present but we were all pleasantly surprised when she breezed in on us. She has just returned

from Africa where she has established an automobile repair shop for the natives. We assume the novelty of the automobile is wearing off as we noted that Dot flew solo to and from the dark continent.

For prospective farmerettes, Piggy Bates holds weekly classes in, "Ways and Means of Becoming an Ideal Farmers Wife."

Kay Biggart is modeling hats for Bonwit Teller, her becoming coiffeur gives marked distinction to each and every chapeau.

Elise Coons is home on her vacation. She is an army nurse, you know and has not given up hope of finding a certain army man that was listed as missing after the last war.

Just as we were about to break up the grand conflag, Irma Bruns rushed in. She is associate editor of the Cosmopolitan magazine. Irm has just finished writing a book, "The Art and Science of Winning an Argument."

Seven of our classmates were unable to be with us this afternoon.

Bessie Golden is in Washington, D. C. As you know she is very active in W. C. T. U. work. She is trying to get a bill presented to Congress to secure prohibition.

We got a wire from Dot Graham saying she had intended to be with us but she was unexpectedly called to help perform a delicate brain operation on Charlie Mc Carthy. Dot, as you know, is an O. R. Nurse specializing in brain surgery at Medical Center in New York City.

Sophie Riccio is a lion trainer with Ringling Brothers Circus. The secret of Riccio's success is no doubt attributed to her nonchalant manner.

Jean Van De Bogart is kept busy looking after the various ills and ailments of those unusual and famous quiz kids.

Doris Disbrow has done a remarkable piece of work out west founding homes for Orphan Children. After years of hardship and much hard work, Doris has ten such homes to her credit.

We learned from Ann Root that Elsie Churchill is head of a Matrimonial Bureau in Chicago. Elsie also runs a correspondence column, "Advice to the Love Lorn", in one of the daily newspapers.

A patient Ann Hallenbeck specialed soon after she finished training, discovered she had a great talent, and helped her attain renown and fame. She is singing the lead in Walt Disney's latest production "Who killed Cock Robin?"

After getting together again it seemed but yesterday that we were all living in Tower Home, hollering back and forth to one another, discussing our day's troubles, and tearing up and down the halls. Yes, without a doubt, they were the happiest days of our lives, even though we were adjusting ourselves to a world war.

As we were getting into our cars to drive away we heard a voice call out. "Aren't you glad you're not back in 1942 with only three gallons of gas?"

J. F. and M. F .

HIT PARADE

Ager	Everything Happens to Me
Biggart	I Said No
Boesch	Scatterbrain
Borman	When Johnny Comes Marching Home
Bruns	Sleepy Time Gal
Churton	Get Out Of Town
Fields	I Guess I'll Have to Dream The Rest
Frey	On The Street Of Regret
Golden	Let Me Off Uptown
Hill	I Don't Wanna Walk Without You
Johnson	Bicycle Built For Two
Moffat	White Cliffs of Dover
Oestrike	Let's Get Away From It All
Riccio	In the Mood
Root	Windowwasher
Simms	Miss You
Syretchen	Chatterbox
Graham	I've Got You Under My Skin
Bates	Farmer in the Dell
Churchill	He's A-1 In My Heart
Coons	Whatcha Know Joe?
Van De Bogart	Jim
Disbrow	Tangerine
Hallenbeck	Adieu, I Found Someone New
Modern Design	Whoops, Whoops, Whoops, Class Of '42
Night Duty	We're Not Going Bye Bye Tonight
2nd Floor Tower Theme Song	Serenade To A Maid
3rd Floor Tower Theme Song	Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here
Miss Dunwoody	I Wish I Had A Sweetheart
Miss Cole	When The Bell Tolls
Miss Olsen	Pardon My Southern Accent
Crook	I'm Building Up To An Awful Letdown
Miss Mc Crimmon	Faithful
Ralph	Chattanooga Choo Choo

PROVERBS

You can give medicine to a patient - but you can't make them like it.

A kidney in need is a kidney indeed.

There's no joke like an internes joke.

To eat is human - to digest devine.

Case studies are the thief of time.

She who hesitates will have a precept - no doubt.

The interne will come (eventually) to her who waits.

All alarm clocks breed contempt.

Nurses are sweet, sacchifine is too. But we prefer sugar if it's all the same to you.

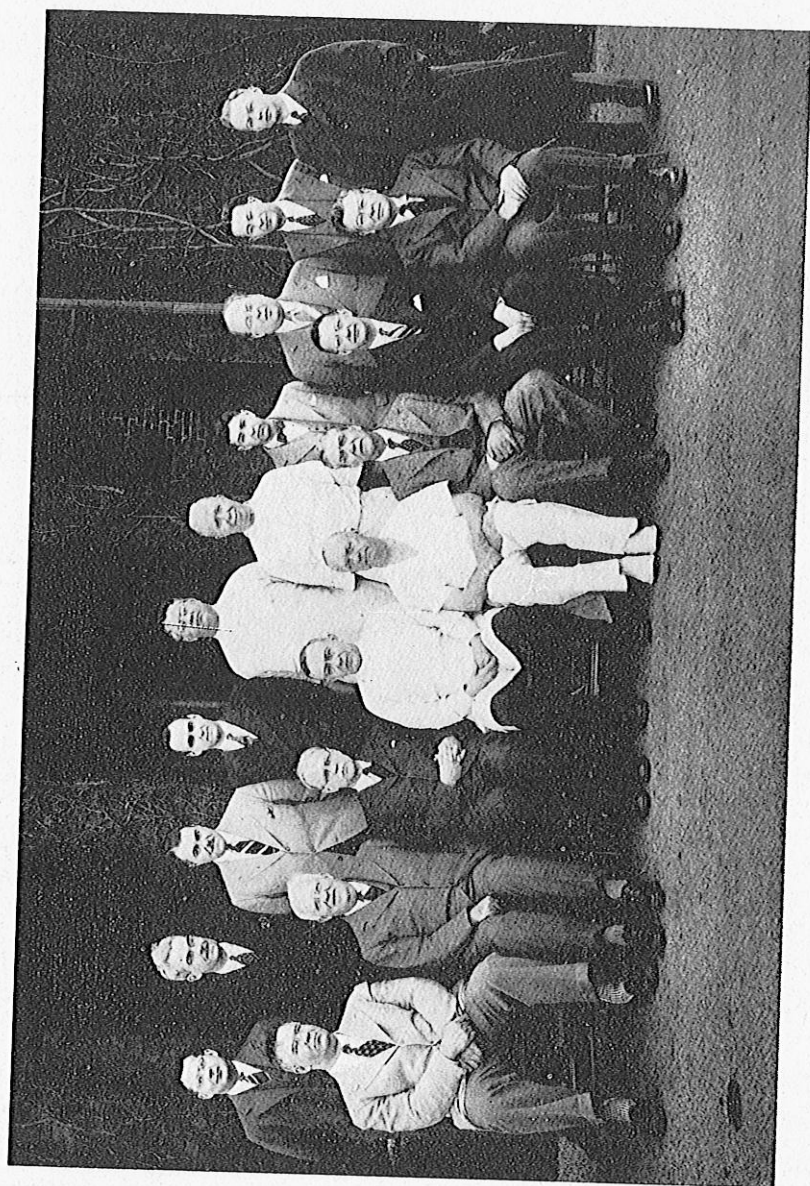
GLEE CLUB

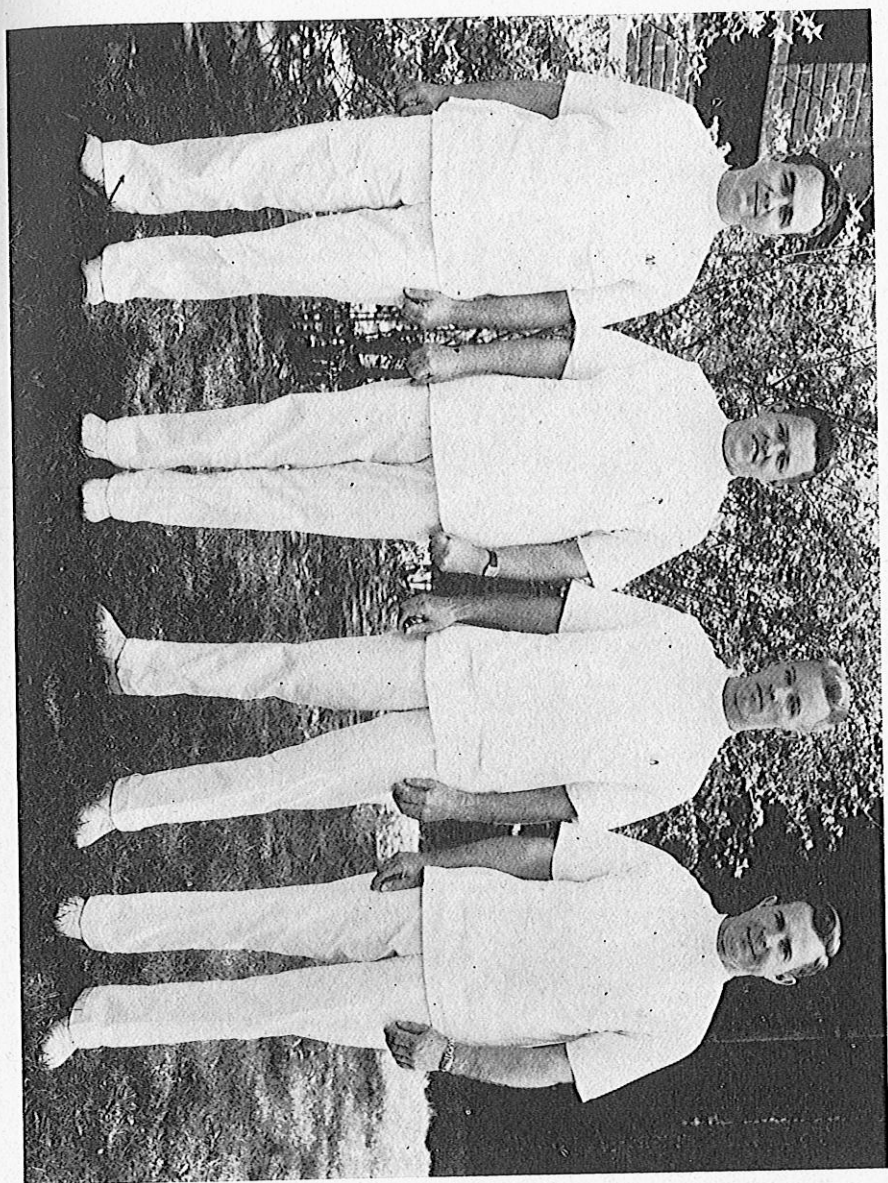


Our First Public Appearance to honor DR. HARRINGTON

Dr. Harrington
You will remain
Deep in the heart of Vassar.
We are here tonight
To honor you
For all you have done for Vassar.
Your uncanny art
Of recalling names
Of all the girls at Vassar.
Your surgical skills
Have cured the ills
Of all of us at Vassar.
And we want you to
Know that you're
Deep in the heart of Vassar.
You will always be
We all agree
Deep in the heart of Vassar.
Where e'er you are
We always feel
Your heart is here at Vassar.
So goodbye now
And don't forget
You're still in the heart of Vassar.

The class and the glee club wish to express their appreciation to Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Tongue, Mr. Roider and the Auxiliary for the many happy hours they have given us.





Last Will and Testament

We, the class of '42 — a wide-awake, bright, and intelligent group of shining examples, do hereby bequeath our highly valued possessions to the following:-

- To Mimi Tammany:- Irma Brun's awe of superiors which was left to her by last year's class and is still in good condition.
- To Gloria Hyatt:- Dorothy Borman's refined voice.
- To Martha Crook:- Bobby Ager's reserved manner.
- To Helen O'Leary: A book on "Punctuality".
- To Elaine Stewart:- Kay Biggart leaves her curly and well-kept coiffure.
- To Sara Puckey:- A playmate for Herman Sherman.
- To Mildred Smith:- Marge Fields' efficiency.
- To Caroline Covey:- Hilma Johnson's ability to ask intelligent questions.
- To Katherine Hayde:- More "O's." to watch.
- To Miss Cole:- Some sleeping powders that will take effect before mid-night.
- To the Class of '43:- Our ability to do case studies.
- To Dr. Stoller:- A jar of shoe-polish for those famous shoes.
- To Miss Sease:- Bigger and better clinics.
- To Dr. Wright:- A telephone that won't ring at 7:45 A. M.
- To Miss Teske:- A few more special diets.
- To Dr. Stibbs:- Some new probies to scare.
- To the O. R.:- A shorter working day.
- To Gene Williams:- A larger reserve of chewing gum.
- To Stella:- The "Little Man Who Wasn't There."
- To Emmaline Brunner:- Bessie Golden's ability to blush.
- To Helen Susman:- A pair of stilts.
- To Wd. 2:- Some young patients.
- To Miss Tschudin:- A pair of roller skates.
- To Wd. 4:- A pair of side boards for every bed.

To all Utility Rooms:- A sterilizer that won't run over.
To Miss Olsen:- An everlasting stream of case studies.
To Miss Gleason:- A permanent maid for Ward 5.
To Tower Home's Back Yard:- More bathing beauties.

To this our last will and testament, which we prepared with no small amount of discrimination, we do hereby set our seal on this the tenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred forty two.

CLASS OF 1942

Witnesses:

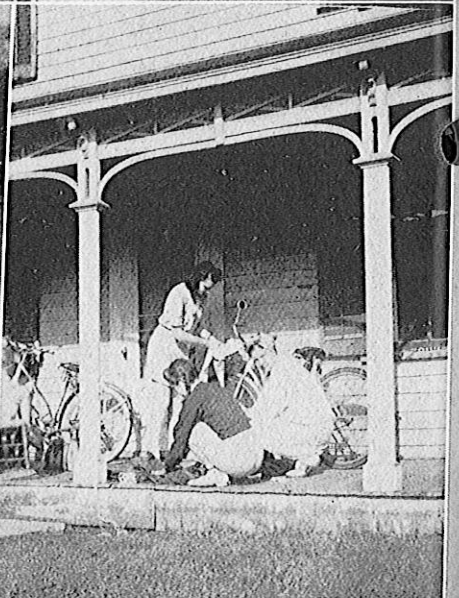
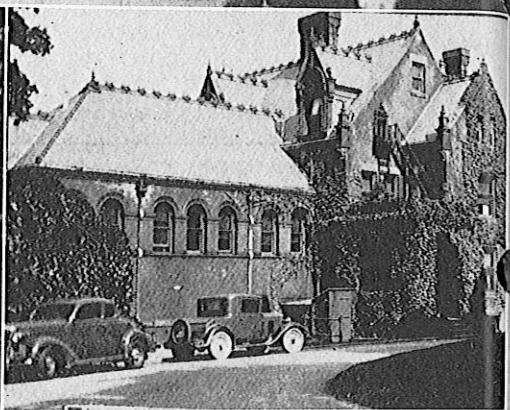
The "Patient" in Room 13

The V. B. H. "peeper"

"The Nurse"

The world grows healthier, year by year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron and grins and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things,
Taking the temperature, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numberless ills,
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.
Longing for home, and all the while
Doing each duty with bright cheery smile,
Blessing the newborn babies first breath
Closing the eyes that are still in death.
Taking the blame for so many mistakes,
Oh dear! What a lot of patience it takes:
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop,
But called back on special at seven fifteen
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen,
Morning and evening, and noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new
In that city above, where the head nurse is you?

—Anonymous



What Would Happen

- If Dr. Krieger didn't spray menthol all over the treatment stand after each treatment in the E. E. N. T.
- If Dr. Neighbors forgot to bark at the nurses.
- If Ralph forgot to talk
- If Miss Tripp and Miss Borchard lost their efficiency
- If other departments didn't always borrow from M. S. P.
- If some of us learned how to print (How about it Dr. Harrington?)
- If nurses didn't forever have trouble with their tonsils and appendices
- If night duty didn't always sneak up on us when spring arrives or when we have the most classes
- If we were allowed one more late leave a week and otherwise curfew would ring at 11 P. M. so that we could enjoy a double feature without fidgeting
- If the girls on 3rd floor Tower would go to bed before midnight.
- If coffee became an extravagant luxury.
- If Dr. E. A. Stoller lost his pleasing personality
- If Dr. Breed forgot to say "Don't you know?"
- If Frank ever got over being a "woman-hater"

A La Solarium

Well here I lie, so now what? Can it be that I'm sulking? Why how often have I wished that just one morning could I turn over and snuggle down into bed when all the others were sleepily getting out of bed and solemnly marching off to work. Well now I've got that bed and can do all the turning over I want to. Heck, can I help it if I changed my mind. What's the matter anyway? I ought to be ashamed, I'm never satisfied. Maybe all the energetic bustle around here is responsible for my fidgeting. And look at all the things yet undone that keep leering at me. I know they won't get done by themselves. Oh why can't I be quiet and follow orders as I should! Look at all the attention I'm getting and the sympathy. Now, I won't protest, I know that I enjoy just a little sympathy. Well there is no time like the present so I'll just relax and enjoy myself. But I don't feel ill and certainly don't look it so-oo Oh now I'm just rationalizing because of all the orders I have disobeyed. Why, oh why, must nurses always be the worst patients! I remember all the preaching I've done to patients and what do I do? I give up, I'll be darned if I can understand human nature, least of all my own.

I. E. B.



To Class of 1932

In this the 1942 Year Book of Vassar Brothers Hospital, we wish to pay tribute to the nineteen Senior Nurses of the class of 1932 who had the courage and perseverance to publish the first copy of "White Caps" and so set an example that has been followed for ten years.

In June, at our graduation, these nurses will be getting together for a reunion but there will be only eighteen now for in 1939 Dorothy Fleming Jefferson died after a long illness.

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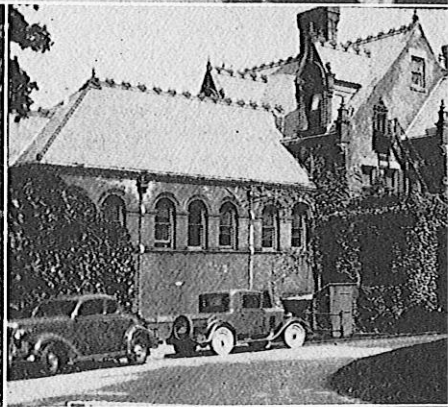
SENIOR REVIEW

Name	Nickname	Outstanding Characteristic	Favorite Expressions
AGER	<i>Bobbie</i>	Friendliest	Oh Slush!
BATES	<i>Piggie</i>	Most temperamental	Oh, I can't help it!
BIGGART	<i>Kay</i>	Most nonchalant	I will not!
BOESCH	<i>Dot</i>	Most eccentric	I don't know why I do these things and that's no lie.
BORMAN	<i>Dot</i>	Most reserved	I've got Bushels to do!
BRUNS	<i>Irm</i>	Nearest	So help me, that settles that!
CHURCHILL	<i>Churchie</i>	Most undecisive	I don't know!
CHURTON	<i>Churt</i>	Most popular	Beat me, isn't that a howl!
COONS	<i>Coomie</i>	Most gracious	Wouldn't you do it this way!
DISBROW	<i>Dizzy</i>	Most industrious	I wouldn't do that if I were you!
FIELDS	<i>Marge</i>	Most ambitious	Heavenly day!
FREY	<i>Small Fry</i>	Best disposition	If I do it I get a lickin'! But I do it.
GOLDEN	<i>Gopher</i>	Class bluffer	I don't know, I forgot
GRAHAM	<i>Dot</i>	Most versatile	For crying out loud!
HALLENBECK	<i>Annie</i>	Best singer	Oh gee!
HILL	<i>Rou</i>	Best dressed	You know me!
JOHNSON	<i>Johnny</i>	Most persevering	That's disgusting!
MOFFAT	<i>Moff</i>	Most dignified	Isn't it cute?
OESTRIKE	<i>Connie</i>	Most economical	She drives me crazy!
RICCIO	<i>Rickie</i>	Most care free	I'm not in the mood!
ROOT	<i>Annie</i>	Best dancer	You lie like a rug!
SIMMS	<i>Snooper</i>	Most sophisticated	She gives me a pain!
SYRETCHEN	<i>Syretch</i>	Most talkative	You haven't paid your class dues!
VAN DE BOGART	<i>Van</i>	Most pessimistic	I can't stand her!



Remember When:-

- Olivett thought a placenta was a gallstone?
Covey passed fluid trays for 3 P. M. fluids?
Row polished the bronze plaque in the A. R.?
Marge used to wake up 2nd floor by shouting at Annie?
Snooks finally had to say good-bye?
Bates had a tooth paste prep?
Puckey handed out strychnine and didn't know why?
A certain interne put a cast on the wrong arm? Is Dr. Kingston blushing?
Bruns was called "Fluffy"?
Dr. Sisson looked "starry-eyed"?
Smith gave orange juice to a diabetic?
Row celebrated with a butcher knife?
Dr. Neighbors had the mumps?
The night Gopher thought the laundry bags made a nice bed?
Ann Root stuck to one man?
Dr. Wright received a phone call at 7:45 A. M.?
Fields nearly sent the letter?
Kay tripped the "Light Fantastic"?
Dr. Hirst got "that" haircut?
A night letter was sent to Fort Hancock, N. J.?
Dr. Bacile fell in the Delivery Room?
Gopher wouldn't sleep without Churton?
Marge and Row got out of Fishkill in a hurry and Churton stayed?
Kay and Moff had a crying jag?
Churton made a "filling" out of Simms?
Borman had the measles?
Those certain girls did their daily dozen about 5:30 A. M. every morning?
A certain interne inserted the wrong end of a catheter at 2 A. M. one morning? It wasn't you, Dr. Sisson, was it?
A mock "stork shower" was held in Home 2?
Simms found "that something" outside her door?
Syretch had a yen for state troopers?
Someone sewed ruffles on Bruns' night apparel?
Oestrike used to fry onions every night in Home 2?
Boesch couldn't make up her mind?
Johnson, Churton, Oestrike and Bruns took that bicycle trip through the Berkshires?
Churt got a ride on the ambulance?
Frey got that "old feeling"?
Dr. Meyer asked for a sterile peach pit and Dr. Breed for a "spindle" in the O. R.?
Ager and Oestrike bathed so strenuously that Miss Lindberg came to trace the source of water dripping through her ceiling?



What Would Happen

- If Dr. Krieger didn't spray menthol all over the treatment stand after each treatment in the E. E. N. T.
- If Dr. Neighbors forgot to bark at the nurses.
- If Ralph forgot to talk
- If Miss Tripp and Miss Borchard lost their efficiency
- If other departments didn't always borrow from M. S. P.
- If some of us learned how to print (How about it Dr. Harrington?)
- If nurses didn't forever have trouble with their tonsils and appendices
- If night duty didn't always sneak up on us when spring arrives or when we have the most classes
- If we were allowed one more late leave a week and otherwise curfew would ring at 11 P. M. so that we could enjoy a double feature without fidgeting
- If the girls on 3rd floor Tower would go to bed before midnight.
- If coffee became an extravagant luxury.
- If Dr. E. A. Stoller lost his pleasing personality
- If Dr. Breed forgot to say "Don't you know?"
- If Frank ever got over being a "woman-hater"

A La Solarium

Well here I lie, so now what? Can it be that I'm sulking? Why how often have I wished that just one morning could I turn over and snuggle down into bed when all the others were sleepily getting out of bed and solemnly marching off to work. Well now I've got that bed and can do all the turning over I want to. Heck, can I help it if I changed my mind. What's the matter anyway? I ought to be ashamed, I'm never satisfied. Maybe all the energetic bustle around here is responsible for my fidgeting. And look at all the things yet undone that keep leering at me. I know they won't get done by themselves. Oh why can't I be quiet and follow orders as I should! Look at all the attention I'm getting and the sympathy. Now, I won't protest, I know that I enjoy just a little sympathy. Well there is no time like the present so I'll just relax and enjoy myself. But I don't feel ill and certainly don't look it so-o-o Oh now I'm just rationalizing because of all the orders I have disobeyed. Why, oh why, must nurses always be the worst patients! I remember all the preaching I've done to patients and what do I do? I give up, I'll be darned if I can understand human nature, least of all my own.

I. E. B.



To Class of 1932

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TO A LONELY DESK LAMP

Twinkle, twinkle little light
Shining brightly through the night.
How I wonder what you'd say
If you had a speaking ray.
Would you be an optimist?
Or just a cranky pessimist?
If you had the former view
I think I'd stay and speak with you,
But if you were a pessimist
I'd cross you off my speaking list.
Would you be a plutocrat
With all his great and pompous fat?
Or would you take the beggars side
Whom the heinous people ride?
Could you speak of future fates?
Or figure compound interest rates?
Would you have a store of knowledge
Gathered from the highest college?
Could you tell of days gone by,
When Zeus was ruler of the sky?
Do you know Leander's fate
Met at such an ancient date?
Do you believe in Hoodooism
Or in the starkest realism?
Do you know your polygons,
Dekagons and Octogons?
Or don't you care for mathematics?
Would you prefer to browse in attics?
Perhaps you are the dreamy kind
With little sense and foggy mind.
Would you like to travel far
Where all the foreign people are?
To Egypt, China and Japan,
And all such habitats of man?
Do you ever long for spring --
To hear the cheery robins sing?
Or have an urge to see a geyser
A hippopotamus or kaiser?
You sit here in your brassy splendor
And staunch and true your service render.
Yet if I pull out the plug
You'd be a silly, senseless lug.
Are you superannuated?
Or at present just related?
You have no fear of halitosis,
Loss of hair, pediculosis.
You should care if Rome did fall
For it concerns you not at all.
Yet would you worry if tomorrow,
Time could from the future borrow?
Will you rest in peace when dead
Or wander with huge chains of lead?
Nothing said do you refute,
For Heaven's sake - - why be so mute?

H. D. J.

Best Wishes

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44 NORTH CLOVER STREET

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Teacher: "What is meant by a false doctrine?"

Johnnie: "I guess it's when a doctor gives the wrong medicine."

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"Say when the road turns the same way she does, it's a
coincidence."

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Student: "A change in price."

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Dr. Hirst: "Yes I know just how you feel, it's my first too."

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Miss Thompson: "In these hard times we should put a bridle on our appetites."

Student: "I would rather put a bit in my mouth."

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She: "Why Doctor you told me to show you my tongue and
you haven't looked at it yet."

Dr. Wright: "No it was only to keep you quiet while I wrote out
this prescription."

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Churt: "So you and Johnny don't speak any more?"
Borman: "No, we had a dreadful quarrel about who loved the
other the most."

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Miss Gleason: "When children are naughty, quickly switch their attention."

Student: "Switch their what?"

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Patient: "My wife tried to hold my love thru my stomach."

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